

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI

"Cousin Fred"



I was a stormy twilight in February, the air full of the dreary atmosphere of a newly fallen snow, the huge pine trees of the northern woods writhing themselves about like giants in extreme, and the Marys stage had just come in with two passengers.

Ladies, both of them; one, apparently thirty years old, the other, scarcely seventeen; and as they sat there warming themselves by the hotel fire, the landlord touched his wife's shoulder, and whispered to her: "Furriers!"

For there was something in the cut of their curious fur-lined draperies, the shape of their neat crapes hats, the very way in which they unconsciously carried themselves, which was as foreign as the *Marselline* itself, although the older woman, with her eyes fixed upon Cousin Fred, had been sent to meet them. And the landlord was right; for Genevieve and Cousin Fred were the daughters of American parents born in sunny France.

Orphaned and alone, they were coming to America to claim the protection of a relative of their mother, "Cousin Fred," as they had been taught to call him.

"Do you suppose he will be good to us?" Genevieve, the dimpled seventeen-year-old, asked, as she sat with her cheek against her mother's shoulder. "I hope so, darling," said the older. "No one but a true friend could be unkind to you."

For little golden-haired, rose-lipped Genevieve was one of those human sunbeams who take every heart by storm, and in her deep, mourning she looked even sweeter and more attractive than her ordinary wont. And dark-eyed Genevieve, thirteen years older than her sister, had long ago unselfishly put aside her own personality and identified herself entirely with the household pet and beauty.

"I wonder if he is a cross old crab," pondered Genevieve, she drank the tea brought to her by the landlady, and basked in the welcome warmth of the blazing logs, "or a whimsical old bachelor, full of caprices. Oh, Genevieve! Don't you dread to meet him?"

Genevieve smiled. "Little one," said she, "don't fret. Whatever happens, we shall be together, and—"

But, just then, the landlord came bustling in.

"The double sleigh from Barnet Hill, ladies," he said, rubbing his hands. "And Mr. Barnet himself has come."

Close on the landlord's words came Mr. Barnet, of Barnet Hill, a tall, handsome man of about thirty, with bright-brown hair clustering over a noble forehead, keen, black eyes and features clear and perfect as those of the Apollo Belvedere.

"Are these my cousins?" he said, pleasantly. "You are welcome to Barnet, Genevieve and Genevieve."

Instinctively, little Genevieve put her hand to her disheveled curls. Had she expected to see anyone but a wrinkled, old sexagenarian, she would have taken more pains with her toilet. But Genevieve rose and smilingly put her hand into the extended palm of her cousin.

It was a long, snowy drive to Barnet Hill, but Genevieve declared, joyously, that it was worth it all, when they were ushered into the great, old-fashioned drawing-room with its blazing canal-coal fires, its yellow-satin curtains and the moss-soft carpet on which the footfall made no sound.

"Do you know," said Cousin Fred, laughing, "that I was expecting to see two little school-girls in short frocks and thick coats."

"And do you know," retorted Genevieve, "that our minds were fully prepared to behold a rheumatic old gentleman with a crutch?"

And in fifteen minutes they were on the footing of old friends.

But they had scarcely lived six months at Barnet Hill before the inevitable "little cloud like a man's hand" arose on their atmosphere.

"Genevieve!" cried she. "You can't mean that!"

"Poor little Genevieve!" consoled Genevieve. "But you will not lose your home. You must come and live with me and Charley."

"I could not do that," said Genevieve, giddy and confused with the unexpected succession of startling news. "I must look out for a situation in some school or as companion or nursery governess! But oh, Genevieve, are you quite sure about Fred?"

"I heard that old housekeeper talking to the coachman, when I was waiting, down behind the shrubbery, for Capt. Allaire to come," said Genevieve, with a nod of her pretty head. "She said that he had told her himself and had instructed her what rooms to prepare and what alterations to make in the household arrangements for his coming marriage."

"I wonder who it can be?" said Genevieve, sadly.

"Miss Hilyard, of course," said Genevieve, "or else that beautiful Mrs. St. Vincent. But the least thing he could have done was to have consulted me, I think, and that's one reason I decided to elope. And Charley is coming up this evening, and we are to take the train to St. Vincent, and, oh, dear Jenny, with a burst of sparkling talk, 'the world is so full of happiness to me!'"

And Genevieve could but caress the beautiful, willful young creature who had taken life's helm so recklessly into her own hands, and hope, in a choked voice, that she might be very, very happy.

Cousin Fred listened very philosophically to Genevieve's confession, half an hour later.

"Married, are you?" said he. "Well, if you had asked my advice, I should have given a contrary tender. But, as you didn't consult me, I shall have to like the 'heavy fathers' on the stage and give you my blessing. Allaire is a clever fellow enough, although he has been very gay, and I hope you will steady him down, at last."

So the newly-married pair went away, as thoughtlessly happy as two school children out for a picnic, and Genevieve was left alone with Fred, to wonder how she could best break to him the resolution at which she had arrived. For she knew that she could never remain at the Hill when beautiful Mrs. St. Dean or Albia Hilyard should either of them be the mistress there.

"It would kill me," she thought, clasping her hands. "Yes, it would kill me!"

Mr. Barnet had turned kindly to her, and led her to a seat beside the window.

"You are pale, Genevieve," he said. "Your hands are as cold as ice. Surely, you do not take this little freak of little Gyp's so bitterly to heart? Never fear for her; she's a butterfly who will slip honey from all life's garden ground. Her nature is light and frothy; far different, Genevieve, from yours. Sit down, little cousin. I have much to say to you."

And a sensation of indescribable loneliness passed through her heart as she pictured Genevieve radiantly happy with her captain of artillery, Cousin Fred secure in the love of some stately and beautiful woman, herself only left out in the cold of life's dreariest valley, an unloved and solitary old maid. But she spoke nothing of all these sickening fears; only looked at him, with wistful dark eyes, in silence.

"Genevieve," said he, "do you think it would be a wild and foolish dream for me to think of marriage?"

"You? Oh, no," she answered, trying to smile.

"But I am three and thirty."

"You are only in the prime and fullness of life," she responded, "for a man. With women, sighing softly, 'everything is so different. But, Cousin Fred, if you really intend marrying—"

"I really do," he said, smiling gravely.

"Then I shall not be longer in your way," she said, valiantly. "I will leave Barnet Hill at once."

"But that's just what I don't want you to do, Genevieve," he said, with her hand still closely held in his. "Dear, dear little woman, is it possible that you don't comprehend what I mean?"

"You think," with a startled look, "that I can be useful about the house?"

"Must I say it in so many words, Genevieve?" he asked. "Shall I go down on my knees, like the heroes of romance, and say: 'Sweetheart, will you be my wife?'"

Genevieve started to her feet in a panic.

"Do you really mean—me?" cried Genevieve.

"I really mean—*you*," he said, resolutely, holding her fast, when she would have flown from him. "Little girl, then you never have suspected how deeply I love you!"

And Genevieve, clasping both hands over her eyes, could scarcely persuade herself that all this was not a dream, a beautiful, blissful yet baseless dream. Mrs. St. Dean was no longer a rival! She had nothing to fear from Albia Hilyard! Cousin Fred loved her, and he alone! Cousin Fred had always loved her!

So they were married; and when Genevieve knew it she cried out, laughing: "Well, there is hope for the oldest of old maids, now that our Jenny is married!"

For this seventeen-year-old beauty could hardly realize that true love exists for anyone over twenty years old!—Amy Randolph, in N. Y. Ledger.

THE NEW CABINET.

Personnel of President Cleveland's Official Family.

Brief Sketches of the Gentlemen Who Will Assist the Nation's Executive in shaping Our Destiny for the Next Four Years.

There are eight members in the official family of the president, of the United States and all of them have been chosen; have been notified of their appointment, and have accepted the trust.

The law of presidential succession passed by the Forty-third Congress, in case of the death of both the president and vice-president, or their inability to perform the duties of president, the members of the cabinet succeed to the office in the following order: Secretary of state, secretary of the treasury, secretary of war, attorney-general, postmaster-general, secretary of the interior, secretary of agriculture.

Following are brief sketches of the public life of the gentlemen who have accepted Mr. Cleveland's tender of cabinet honors:



DANIEL SCOTT LAMONT, Secretary of War.

Daniel Scott Lamont, who is slated for the post of secretary of war, is a native of New York, and is a member of the prominent family of the name. He is a native of New York, and is a member of the prominent family of the name.

Lamont's first work was as a clerk in his father's store in his native town of Cortland. He performed this work on the same days that he attended the village school, where he was noted for his industry and his love of study.

A 20-year-old man, he was a delegate to the state convention at Rochester in 1871. That was a famous convention—the one that followed close upon the exposure of the corruption in the state government.

Every step in the convention was contested, and Lamont is proud of saying that on every roll call he voted with the majority. He attracted the attention of Mr. Tilden to the boy delegate from Cortland—by far the youngest member of the convention, and the one who became acquainted. Tilden won the election of 1876.

The great questions now pending in the state department—the Behring sea arbitration, the Canadian railway matter, the Hawaiian question—require the mastery hand of a great lawyer to deal with them. Such a hand, Judge Gresham can bring into the state department.

When Arthur succeeded Garfield, Gresham became postmaster-general in the cabinet and an excellent record. Before the close of the administration he was appointed judge of the Seventh judicial district, a position which he has since held. His record on the bench is known.

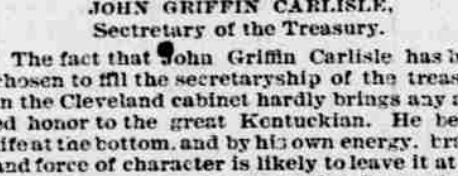
The Seventh judicial circuit, involving the holding of the United States courts at Chicago, naturally fell within its jurisdiction. Many cases of the first importance, Judge Gresham has victoriously maintained the high reputation of the court which it obtained in the time of Davis and his successor, Judge Drummond.

Judge Gresham's early career is a close copy of that of many of our great statesmen. Abraham Lincoln was a good example. He was a native of Harrison county, Ind., born March 17, 1809. So that he has been a member of the same family for nearly a century.

Edwin Harrison's ancestor, Gresham's grandfather, George Gresham, had come from Virginia. In 1841 he was admitted to the bar and from that time 1849 was busy with a growing law practice and with politics, in which he took an interest from his infancy. He also took an interest in the politics of the state, and was a member of the legislature.

He started in as lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-third Indiana regiment, soon became colonel of the Fifty-third Indiana, and on the recommendation of both Grant and Sherman, was made a brigadier-general and placed in command of the brigade during the march to the sea. He commanded a division of the Seventeenth army corps. He was highly regarded by the soldiers, and his personal appearance was a credit to the service.

Judge Gresham is a six-footer in stature, and in his youth was called the handsomest fellow in his part of the country. He has always been a distinguished man in his personal appearance. Not only his height, but his strong features, especially a very sharp pair of black eyes, and a straight nose, which was one of his characteristics. His face indicates great force of character, although the big square jaw is quite concealed by the bristling gray whiskers.



JOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE, Secretary of the Treasury.

The fact that John Griffin Carlisle has been chosen to fill the secretaryship of the treasury in the Cleveland cabinet hardly brings any added honor to the great Kentucky. He has been lifted to the top, and by his own energy, brains and force of character is likely to remain at the top.

He was born in Kentucky, September 5, 1825. He had a common school education only, and taught school for a number of years. He was a member of the legislature, and was elected to the bar at 23. He studied law at the University of Virginia, and was admitted to the bar in 1848. He was elected to the Kentucky house of representatives, and was re-elected in 1850, 1852, 1854, 1856, 1858, 1860, 1862, 1864, 1866, 1868, 1870, 1872, 1874, 1876, 1878, 1880, 1882, 1884, 1886, 1888, 1890, 1892, 1894, 1896, 1898, 1900, 1902, 1904, 1906, 1908, 1910, 1912, 1914, 1916, 1918, 1920, 1922, 1924, 1926, 1928, 1930, 1932, 1934, 1936, 1938, 1940, 1942, 1944, 1946, 1948, 1950, 1952, 1954, 1956, 1958, 1960, 1962, 1964, 1966, 1968, 1970, 1972, 1974, 1976, 1978, 1980, 1982, 1984, 1986, 1988, 1990, 1992, 1994, 1996, 1998, 2000, 2002, 2004, 2006, 2008, 2010, 2012, 2014, 2016, 2018, 2020, 2022, 2024, 2026, 2028, 2030, 2032, 2034, 2036, 2038, 2040, 2042, 2044, 2046, 2048, 2050, 2052, 2054, 2056, 2058, 2060, 2062, 2064, 2066, 2068, 2070, 2072, 2074, 2076, 2078, 2080, 2082, 2084, 2086, 2088, 2090, 2092, 2094, 2096, 2098, 2100, 2102, 2104, 2106, 2108, 2110, 2112, 2114, 2116, 2118, 2120, 2122, 2124, 2126, 2128, 2130, 2132, 2134, 2136, 2138, 2140, 2142, 2144, 2146, 2148, 2150, 2152, 2154, 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